THE LOAN

By Frederic Boutet

Translated by William L. McPherson

THE train had been under way since early morning. At 5 in the afternoon Guérin, who was looking out of the car window, began to recognize the face of the country. He gave a sigh of satisfaction. A smile came over his tanned face. He was nearing home. The train would soon stop at his own village.

His parents were dead. Nobody would be expecting him. But he was happy to come back for a few days. He was going to occupy his house, which, because he had no family, he loved almost like a living being. And he said to himself that, since his wounds no longer bothered him, he would be able to give some attention to his land, which must be badly in need of it.

One thing only weighed on his mind—the idea of seeing the father and mother of Ballu, a boyhood comrade, who had served in the same regiment with him and had died early in the war.

The train stopped. Guérin got off. The sight of the little station under the tall trees thrilled him. He walked slowly toward the village, breathing in with delight the familiar odor of the country as evening draws on.

In the village street he met M. Faugue, the schoolmaster, who had taught him to read and write some twenty years before. Then he met M. Morin, the Mayor. Both stopped to talk with him and M. Morin invited him to dinner. The women came out of the houses and greeted him. He was very happy. But it was only when he was again in his own house that he felt perfectly content.

Presently he went to dine with M. Morin. After dinner the villagers came in to take coffee. All had put on their Sunday clothes to do him honor. They surrounded him and questioned him. Very simply, without speaking of himself, he told them about the war as he had seen it. In the intervals of silence one could hear the night sounds of the country; moths flew in through the open window and hovered about the lamp.

There was a knock on the door.

"It's the Ballus," said M. Morin.

They entered. Guérin scarcely recognized the two old people, so greatly had they changed. Père Ballu, bent and whitened, walked with difficulty, supporting himself on a cane and lurching his head forward. Mme. Ballu seemed much shorter and thinner. Her wrinkled hands trembled and in her dim eyes there was an uncertain, frightened expression.

"We knew that you were here," Père Ballu said to Guérin, "and so we came. We are glad to see you, my boy"——

Mme. Ballu sobbed and the old man continued:

"Now, Guérin, we want you to tell us—yes, about our son—about Antoine. How was he—how was he killed? What did he do? We can speak about it, now. His mother and I, we are—I can't say that we are getting accustomed to our loss (that would be to lie), but for the last year—well, we can talk about it, anyway. They have never told us anything. We know that he is dead. That's all. Since you were with him you can tell us"——

The old man stopped, choked with emotion. After a painful silence he began again:

"We are brave; tell us. For that matter it will console us. Antoine—there weren't many like him—strong, courageous, adventurous, and everything else. You others, you knew him. It is the truth I am telling you. Then, surely, he must have done some extraordinary things. Tell us. It will do us good. We shall be prouder than ever of him when we know the facts. So tell us. We want to hear you"——

The two old people sat down. They fixed their eyes on Guérin. Perhaps they asked themselves why their own son wasn't there, in place of this young man, who had no parents. Guérin seemed embarrassed.

"We want to hear you," the old man repeated.

"Well, it was this way," Guérin began, with a great effort. "It was about the end of September, on a beautiful day. We were near a river—in the north"——

He stopped.

"And then what? What did Antoine do? Don't be afraid to tell us. It will do us good to know."

Guérin still hesitated. But with the old man's eyes fastened on him he came to a decision.

"It was this way. He was in the front line with the others of his section—and a machine gun. They were in a village. It was necessary to hold it. The Boches attacked. There was a mass of them and our men fell, one after another.

"He was left alone. He knew how to serve the machine gun and he held the village for a quarter of an hour. We fired over him, naturally, but he held it with the gun. He couldn't leave, because he had his lieutenant and some comrades with him, lying on the ground, wounded. Besides, it was necessary to hold on. Then our troops advanced and found him all alone with his mitrailleuse. That is what your son did, Père Ballu."

Guérin had spoken rapidly, without even stopping to take breath. The two old people, ending forward on their chairs, listened to him rapturously. When the story was finished there was silence.

"The man who did that is a hero," said the old schoolmaster, gravely.

"Bon Dieu, Père Ballu, you must be proud!" cried M. Morin.

"And how was he killed?" asked Père Ballu, in a husky voice.

"He had many bullet wounds," answered Guérin. "The Boches fired as many bullets as they could."

"You are a good fellow to have told us this," said Pere Ballu, getting up. "It consoles us. We didn't doubt that our Antoine

(Continued on page five)

ORION OR O'RYAN, AS YOU LIKE

By HENRY BECKETT

Writing From Ponta Delgada, the Azores

THE name of Orion, sometimes called O'Ryan by mistake, is in the ascendant in the quaint town of Ponta Delgada, on St. Michaels, one of the nine islands that make the Azores. Orion is the name of some dozens of rising sons, who in answering to it are not paying the respects of their fathers to the constellation which shines in the night sky, but are perpetuating the gratitude of Ponta Delgada for what an American ship did for it during the World War.

Of all the Orions, who at this time are changing from short dresses to trousers, little Orion Almeida Matos is the most accurate memorial to the United States collier Orion, for he was born exactly in the hour when a German submarine, not reckoning on the presence of the collier Orion, fired a shot at Ponta Delgada and missed. Whereat the American collier, under the command of Lieutenant Bosche, opened on the submarine, and chased it out to sea. This was on July 4, 1917, and because of the collier's action Independence Day now has a special significance on the small island which breaks the ocean surges nearly a thousand miles from any continent.

How fortunate that Orion was the name of the American vessel, and not New Jersey, or Brooklyn, or Indiana! Orion is just the right size, also, to form a proper sign on the front of the café where Manuel Ignacio Cabral, the proprietor, welcomes with a bottle of Madeira every thirsty American visitor, and is especially cordial toward the crews of the many American ships who since prohibition find it necessary to put in at Ponta Delgada for supplies.

Another American name as dear as Orion to the hearts of Ponta Delgada's appreciative people is that of Admiral Herbert Omar Dunn, who was in charge of the American naval base in the islands, during the war. Admiral Dunn, a Boston man, who retired from the navy on April 15, being seventy years old, is commemorated in the Largo Almirante Dunn, a public square, on which his former headquarters looked, and also in the Rua Dunn, one of the busiest of the streets which twist their way between houses pink, green, yellow and blue.

"Admiral Dunn," according to Dr. José Bruno, a newspaper editor of the town, "was a public benefactor from January 28, 1918, to May, 1919, when through arches of flowers and a cheering populace he rode down to the ship which carried him back to America. His entire administration benefited Ponta Delgada, and he made many personal donations to our charities. The things for which we are chiefly grateful, however, had to do with the relief of Ponta Delgada at a time when the submarine terror reduced imports and caused real destitution.

"When Admiral Dunn arrived we were without bread. He communicated at once with Washington, and secured for us all the wheat that we required. It was carried in American vessels, without the exaction of any duty, and it provided subsistence until the next harvest. Also in the fall of 1918, when Ponta Delgada was afflicted with Spanish influenza, Admiral Dunn provided gasoline for the physicians to use in running their motor cars, and kerosene for the boiling of water. Two thousand died in a population of 120,000, but except for this service by Admiral Dunn, and others like it, the death rate probably would have been far higher."

Dr. Bruno, it should be said, is so much a celebrity in his community that his progress through the streets in an open carriage is just a succession of smiles and bows. Never in America, he has dined with Admiral Sims in London, has been the guest of notables there and in Paris, and from his isolated home in the middle seas kept informed on world conditions. He has noted with satisfaction the inclination of the people to take up American ways, although the Azores belong to Portugal, send three members to the Portuguese Parliament and speak the Portuguese language.

Toasting the United States in anything but grape juice is the popular sport in the Cafe Orion

Admiral Dunn who has a standing invitation to live in Ponta Delgada

Various influences combine to establish American institutions in Ponta Delgada alongside customs that are the inheritance of centuries. The emigration to the United States of thousands of young people who do not want to milk cows any longer, and the letters and money which they send back are the chief of these influences, in the opinion of Major Drew Linard, the American Consul.

The travelers from the United States are another potent influence. Including numerous "sea-sick ladies," sailors with grievances, others who want a shipmate arrested for stealing a pair of shoes or some opera glasses, the bulk of the Americans, in the opinion of Major Linard, are cleaner, more intelligent and more self-reliant than any other nationality of travelers.

The effect of American manners upon Azorean life is apparent right in the combination home and office of Major Linard, whose title, by the way, comes honestly through his service in France as a major of infantry, where he was gassed and wounded. In a house set in a garden of palms and roses, guarded by mossy walls that Father Time has helped to make beautiful, he conducts business on American desks, to the tune of the typewriter and the dictaphone.

The mingling of influences, old and new, is responsible for a thousand incongruities in Ponta Delgada. The young girl who was permitted to go about unchaperoned on the arm of an American sailor during the war has been forced by parental authority back to the customs of her ancestors. For male companionship she must wait until chance causes some youth to notice her at one of the carnivals which do so break up the working year. It is then up to the youth to sing and play the guitar under the balcony and to write to the girl's father for permission to call. If the permission is granted the young man must bring with him his own father, or the friend that he has in mind for best man, and the two of them must interview the girl's parents most solemnly as to the chances for a wedding.

Individuals exhibit striking contrasts in their own persons. A man in clothes of the season, wearing a stylish collar and tie, may be seen walking serenely down the street in his bare feet; another comes along whistling "Blowing Bubbles" and driving a pig. Inside the shops the same thing is true. A glass case may contain roots which were the original medicine of the islands, and next to them a photograph of the Woolworth Building. In the rear of the shop a conversation in Portuguese may be broken suddenly by the exclamation, "Oh, boy!" for seemingly the residents find American slang more expressive than anything which the Portuguese language can offer. American names they are partial to also, and in their choice the proprietors are not exactly modest. Only the signs "Waldorf-Astoria" and "Hotel Vanderbilt" suggest the establishments of the same names in New York.

Nobody but an oldtimer, however, could see the potency of certain other contrasts between conditions as they are now in Ponta Delgada, and as they were ten years ago. When the oldtimer complains that it costs $25 to buy a good house in these times an American is apt to be mystified until he learns that not a great while back houses there were selling for $8 and $10, and renting for 50 cents a month—good houses, too.

The resident of years' standing is pleased, on the other hand, at the disappearance of the beggar, whereas a newcomer from America, who has been unable to shake the beggar in less than about four blocks of rapid walking, is not so sanguine, until he learns that before the automobile came in, with speed sufficient to outstrip him, the beggar was accustomed to run alongside carriages literally for miles. Able-bodied enough for this, he and his family, nevertheless, were maintained through generations by people who worked for a living, but had the notion that beggary was a virtue and to assist it was a blessing. For the growing belief in the efficacy of work and the righteousness of industry the influence of America again is responsible. Now the beggar gets ashamed of himself and wants the courage to call at any particular house for alms more than once a week.

The future of the Azores rests with the young Orions and their playmates, who may have the power to establish the islands still more securely as a good halfway station in the Atlantic, on the line between Washington and Lisbon. Otherwise their future may be as their past, for natural resources are lacking, and the mountains, which look like a violet dream to the passengers on steamships at a distance, are no more than good grazing land for cattle that too often gets tough and muscular from pulling carts before it is sold as beefsteak.

Except for a fantastic confusion of human customs the Azores remain what they were when perchance an early Greek, driven far out to sea, caught a glimpse of their opalescence and in his wild tale of adventure called them "the fortunate isles" and the "limit of lands," where a people more blessed than any other lived at ease in a magical country. For the traveler they are just a quaint group of islands, carpeted from ocean to clouds with trees and grasses and flowers, with waterfalls tumbling down past windmills and cottages with red tile roofs, and swarthy fellows coming out in boats to sell strawberries as large as plums and pineapples so cheap that the hucksters of the water throw them at one another in sport.

LIVING IMAGES

By Bernard Sobel

INTO a miniature garden there walked forth suddenly a lively green frog, which conducted himself very much like a débonair young gentleman. He moved his head from side to side with a great deal of assurance. He laughed. He shook his cane. He strolled about and swaggered, and, finally, most surprising of all, he made perfect love. For so engaging was his conduct that it attracted the attention of a dainty little lady mouse which lived near by. Timidly she opened her latticed window and then, after modest hesitation, she came down to chatter with him. Finally, delighted by his manner, she responded gracefully to his sentimental pleas.

This unusual scene, quaint and picturesque, took place recently in the presence of about a score of persons in a New York home. But there was nothing strange about this, for the frog and the mouse were not at all real. They were just marionettes—dressed up puppets, pulled by strings—and they were giving a marionette show, a form of entertainment which is growing in favor.

As the frog and mouse caressed each other, a man's voice behind the scenes sang "A Frog He Would a-Wooing Go," and the marionettes fitted their gestures to the words as if they actually understood them. When this part of the performance came to an end a real man appeared before the miniature stage. He was dressed in the costume of a harlequin and he stated, in verse, that he was going to transform himself into a marionette. Without further ceremony he jumped into the stage opening and pulled back the curtains, concealing himself entirely.

There was a silence. Then the curtains opened again and disclosed what appeared to be the same harlequin, standing alone on the stage, dressed up in the same picturesque fashion and moving about in the same way. This time, however, the harlequin was not a real man, but a marionette and only about ten inches high.

The effect was surprising and delightful, but it was to be followed by many other quaint happenings. This time the scene was that of a king's castle, complete with all its drawbridges and courtways, lords and ladies, princesses, kings and court jesters. All were marionettes and all of them duplicated the actions of real people. Indeed, they presented an entire play of their own, founded on a charming English ballad, which told about a king who created a great deal of havoc through his passion for rhyme.

As the story progressed the tiny marionettes changed their costumes and managed their properties in the drollest manner possible, raising little parasols, powdering their noses and gesticulating with fans and scepters. The scenery, too, changed with the acts, and toward the end of the play there was a real storm at sea, with a miniature boat buffeted about cruelly on high, angry waves, while a tiny sea captain, scarcely more than three inches high, urged his men to be courageous. The electrical effects were astonishing as the lightning flashed and far-off trees quivered in the storm.

When the last act came to an end all the marionettes assembled on the stage and bowed farewell. Then the audience was invited to go back stage. Here they found half a dozen persons who had been giving the show by means of manipulating cords. Their task is extremely difficult, for they have to recite their lines, interpret them properly, watch their cues, and, at the same time, direct the movements of the toy actors.

"It is intricate work," explained their director, "and requires that one be on his nerve every minute. Yet we love it. Indeed, when one has once become interested in marionettes he becomes their slave, and can never escape from their magic power.

"I first started working with a number of rag dolls, and I believe other people could do the same thing easily. I dressed these dolls to resemble the characters in famous Mother Goose stories, and then I attached their bodies, hands and legs to cords. Then I made a little stage here in the garret out of a large picture frame which I inclosed in another frame about five times as large. Then I covered the intervening spaces with black cheesecloth and my theater was complete.

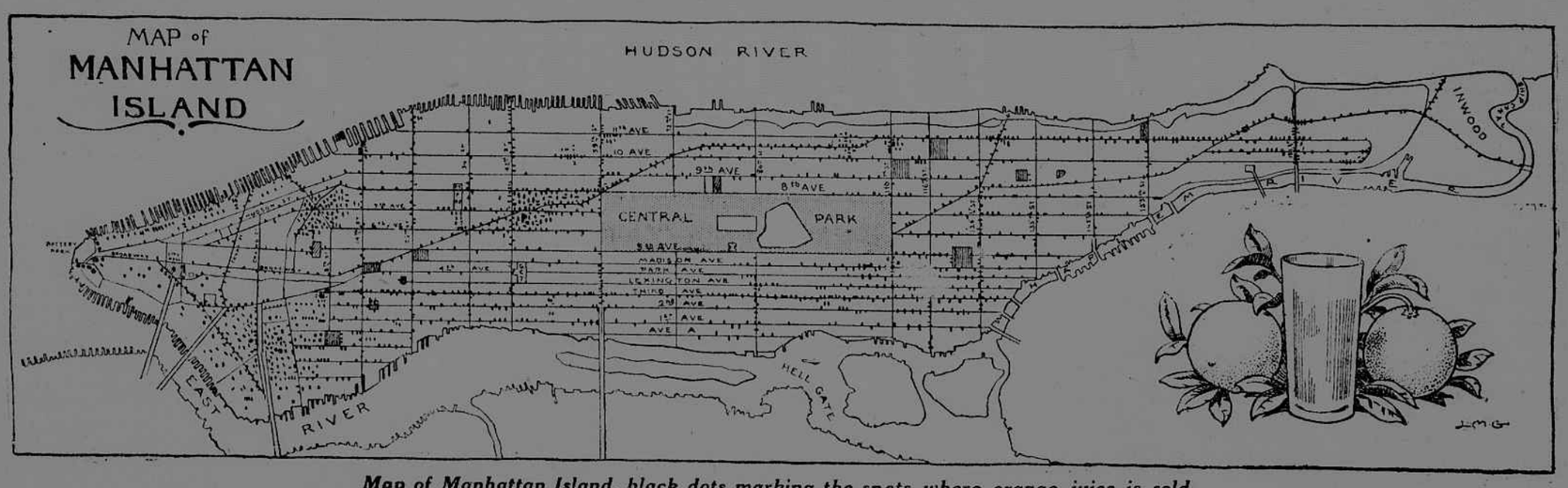
"At first I acted out all the characters myself, moving about two or three dolls to fit the situations. Then several of my friends grew interested and assisted me in preparing a more pretentious stage.

"We have found that working with marionettes is valuable training, for it teaches us many things about art and literature. We have given plays founded on 'Idylls of the King' and scenes from the principal novels of Dickens, Thackeray, Tolstoy, Knut Hamsun and Gorky. Thus, we have memorized the lines of many famous masterpieces and have gained an intimate acquaintance with novelists' methods of drawing character.

"We have learned a great deal also about the costumes and scenery of various countries, because we make our marionettes wear costumes true to the countries they represent. Our scenery is designed from the descriptions in the books, and thus we learn about natural backgrounds while working with cardboard and paint."

The marionette theater, as a matter of fact, is becoming a popular means of entertainment. Already an enthusiastic company of writers, composers and artists is preparing productions, designing scenery and costumes and composing incidental music and special songs. Prominent among these are Lilian Owen, Professor Mathurin Dondo, of Columbia University; Hattie Louise Mick and John J. Martin. Some of these people have their own companies which give regular performances and even tour the country. And now the interest in marionette plays is to reach Broadway, for it is rumored that the present season will see a real marionette show announced in a regular musical comedy revue.

FIRST ADE TO DRY NEW YORK



Map of Manhattan Island, black dots marking the spots where orange juice is sold

A GOLDEN flood is descending upon New York these days. It is not the flood of gold from Europe, which is said to be fairly overwhelming, even though the average man never has anything but bills handed to him through the cashier's cage. It is the flood of millions of oranges, necessary to satisfy New York's appetite for orange drink.

The Gotham thirst for orange juice came suddenly upon the city, but there was no denying it when once it had arrived. Establishments for purveying orange juice sprang up everywhere. Peddlers fitted up orange juice fountains on wheels. Now, when one stirs outdoors anywhere he looks upon machinery that is slowly crushing oranges into pulp. Orange juice drips down before one's eyes. Under such circumstances, what avails the sneers of the pessimists who declare that all this crushing of oranges is mere camouflage and that the actual drink is a synthetic product made of acids and water? The drinker sees the oranges being crushed right before his eyes and he is content. He is equally indifferent to the mysteries of synthetic chemistry or Mr. Spencer's synthetic philosophy.

With such a seeming demand for his product in New York City and in other cities that also have succumbed to the orange juice habit, it is to be assumed that the life of the orange grower is an easy one in these days. One pictures the scene of prosperity in the orange regions of California, Florida and Arizona, with thousands of hands being employed to pick and grade the oranges, and with the owners ordering one new automobile after another.

But apparently things don't work out that way. Just because the bargain windows in drug stores are filled with cocoanut oil shampoo products, it is not to be assumed that the raisers of the raw material are unable to find enough trained monkeys to throw the cocoanuts to the ground. One can buy cocoanuts just as cheaply as before the barbers began singing the praises of cocoanut oil shampoo. And when one picks up a California or Florida paper he finds accounts of meetings of orange growers, at which the whole talk is of getting better freight rates or something that will allow a bigger margin or profit to the individual who produces the oranges that make the golden display at the drink counters.

The orange situation, from its economic side, is evidently something that calls for consideration at the hands of a small circle of experts, just as in the case of the Einstein theory of relativity. Apparently, we should be growing oranges as never before. Prices of orange lands should be doubling and trebling in value. The man who owns an orange grove should be in a much better financial position than the individual who owns a mere gold mine, and yet he does not appear to be. Countless gallons of orange juice, at prices ranging from six to ten cents a glass, are being consumed by a thirst-smitten public, and yet the orange itself, in the language of Wall Street, remains listless.

The chemist may know the answer. He is said to possess the inside history of many things affecting flavors of all kinds. Perhaps some day one of them will serialize his "Confessions," in which the present orange mystery will be cleared up.